ART NOTES.

The last of this season's "art talks," given

on the first Monday in each month at the Corcoran School, was delivered this week by

Mr. Richard N. Brooke, who chose as his

subject the comprehensive phrase "From

MILLIONS IN FURS

Great Business of British North America.

MANAGING THE INDUSTRY

Chief Competitor of the Hudson Bay Company.

TRADING AMONG THE INDIANS

Extent of the Fur Supply-The Peace River Country and Its Great

Possibilities.

(Copyright, 1906, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

EDMONTON, 1906. I had a chat last night with one of the chief fur buyers of the North American continent. The wild lands reaching from here to the Arctle ocean and from Alaska to Hudson bay, supply the most and best furs of the world. The Hudson Bay Company has been engaged in the business for 200 years, and it has sent out millions upon millions of skins to the markets of London.

three hundred miles due north of the United States boundary, is the center of the new fur trade. It has eight firms which buy skins, and their purchases aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. One

the Indians and we buy or trade direct with them. We know the goods they most prize, and ship them in wagons to Athabasca Landing, where they go by the different waterways to our various posts. The Indians bring the skins to the posts and exchange them for the goods. It is all a matter of barter. No money passes and each fur is valued at so many skins. The standard of value used to be a beaver, every fur being worth so many beavers. This fur being worth so many beavers. This value was created by the Hudson Bay Company, and it is said that they sometimes got extravagant prices for their goods through the ignorance of the Indians. According to one story the trader would take a musket and stand it on end and then require a pile of furs high enough to reach the top of the gun in payment for it. In that way a thousand dollars' worth of beaver skins might be gotten for a \$10 gun. That kind of trading has all passed away and the Indians now get a fair value for their furs. The skin which now forms the unit is worth from 35 to 50 cents, according to the distance of the trading post from Edmonton, the rate increasing on account of the freight.

How the Indians Sell Furs. "But does the savage understand the

value of his furs?" "Yes, indeed, and he understands how to get it. He is not an easy man to deal with, and he must be handled in his own peculiar way. Some of our traders visit the Indian camps carrying boxes of goods with them. At such times they never mention trading upon their arrival. The white trader tells make a friendly call. He asks after the health of the tribe and of each man's wife health of the tribe and of each man's wife drawing ten feet of water. There are now and family. He smokes with them and two steamboats upon it, and one of them talks about the weather and other things for hours and hours. Indeed, a night often passes before any business is mentioned. The next day the trader may ask one of the Indians if his luck has been good, and if he says yes, it is the sign that he has furs and is willing to trade. If he says no, the white

Secord, I was told that the fur business is now as good as it has ever been, and that it will be a long time before men will freeze for lack of fur coats and women become

sacques. The skins may continue costly, but there are plenty of animals left, and it will be long before the supply gives out.

Mr. Second tells me that furs are largely Mr. Secord tells me that furs are largely affected by fashlon, and also by the supply. In some years the Indians bring in many more of certain kinds of furs than in other years, and, strange to say, the supply of some species rises and falls with the rabbit crop. Some varieties of the fur-bearing animals live largely on rabbits, which breed so rapidly that the animals cannot keep them down. At intervals of every four of them down. At intervals of every four or five years a disease breaks out which kills the rabbits off by the thousand, and follow ing such years come the lean fur years.

The Peace River Country.

This town of Edmonton is at the northwest corner of the wheat belt. It promises, however, to be the center of a new wheat and grain region which shall extend hundreds of miles to the north and westward. This region is known as the Peace River Country. Civil engineers are now surveying it, for railroads and settlements will soon be springing up here and there in it. The Peace river may some day be one of the most important streams on our continent. It rises in the mountains of British Columbia and flows into Slave river, just above where it issues from Athabasca lake. his Indian friends that he has come out to It is a broad, deep stream, comparing in size with the Mississippi, and it is naviga-ble for several hundred miles by boats is 120 feet long and is lighted by elec-

practically no settlements except those of the fur traders and missionaries. At Vermillion about sixty farmers are raising wheat for a flour mill established there by the Hudson Bay Company. They get \$1.50 It had until a generation ago a monopoly of the trade. By its charters from King Charles it controlled the whole country and governed it as it pleased. Then Canada bought its political rights to British North America, and now fur trading is free to all.

This town of Edmonton, which lies over these hards and the properties of the trade of th

tricity



off-the point at which his strength was exhausted. They that are wise, therefore he counseled, are those who see to it that the subjects they choose are not beyond their capacity, and so, without interruption, can be carried strongly to an end. These are busy days at the Corcoran School. The competition for the gold and bronze medals takes place on the 29th, and all competing drawings must be in several days earlier. There will be four of these in each group this year, instead of the traditional six-two from the antique and two from life. A further step, moreover, has been taken to limit the size and increase the standard of the students' annual exhibition,

which opens on the 31st with the usual evening reception and order of exercises. No student is to be represented by more than two works, and these are to be selected without prejudice by a jury of three local artists—probably Miss Perrie, Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Brooke. Mr. Kenyon Cox of New York and his wife have consented to serve, with a third person whom they will name, as a jury of award, and, arriving in the city on the 27th or 28th, will probably remain until after the opening of the exhibition.

The Juries for the Corcoran Gallery's exhibition of contemporary American paint- Contemptible Brand of Male That ings, which is to be held, under the auspices of the board of trustees, next February, have been completed this week, and the prospectus is now being printed for disribution. The local jury will consist of Mr. Richard N. Brooke, Mr. Max Weyl and Mr. C. H. L. Macdonald; the New York jury of Messrs. Irving R. Wiles, H. Bolton Jones and Louis Loeb; the Philadelphia jury of Messrs. Hugh H. Breckenridge, Thomas Anshutz and John Lambert; while that for Boston of Messrs. Edmund C. Tarbell, Thomas Allen and Hermann Dudley Murphy. Works accepted by these juries will be shipped and returned to the artists free of cost, but will be submitted to a final jury, in this city, composed of Irving R. Wlies, Edmund C. Tarbell, Hugh H. Breckenridge, Frank Duveneck and Richard N. Brooke, which will constitute at the same ber; a first and third of \$1,000 and \$250, respectively, given by Senator W. A. Clark and Mr. V. G. Fischer, as previously announced, and a second of \$500, which will be the gift of Mr. C. C. Glover. In addition to these the Corcoran Gallery hopes to expend a reasonable amount of its accumulated inreasonable amount of its accumulated income in purchases for its permanent collection. Works in oil by living American artists only are eligible, and, owing to limit
of space, none covering more than thirtysix square feet are solicited. Owing to the
facts that this is the federal city, and that the exhibition will be conducted upon the broadest and fairest lines, there is good reason to believe that it will become an event of national importance. The prizes offered are generous enough to be uncom-monly tempting, and the juries are sufficiently well chosen to engender confidence among the artists. There is no reason why it should not prove a notable affair, and there is every reason to believe that it will.

'Art does not begin and end in a picture gallery, however. It includes our private houses, our city plans, our public monuments and our parks and driveways. A city is a picture painted by many, not with common pigments, but mundane materials. The public taste is more influenced by external environment than by any one canvas, no matter how masterly or uplifting. There is almost no statesman or govern-ment official who would have the temerity to attempt to paint with pigment upon can-vas a picture for posterity to be exhibited upon a public highway, yet this is in reality would require scarcely less unusual qualifications than the painting of that other pic-ture, called a city, in which the least learned are continually willing to take a hand. Art critics proverbially disagree, but there is an unalterable standard, things are good and bad intrinsically rather than optionally, and there is no reason why a city—certainly the federal city—should ever have anything but the best. To establish a standard and insure its insistence, a bill was introduced into both the House and Senate recently, providing for the creation and perpetuation of a national advisory board on civic art to be composed of five experts to whom national, civic art prob-lems may be referred. The passage of this bill would, it is thought, solve a much vexed problem, and, while binding none, afford opportunity for wiser action in the future. It was submitted by the National Society of the Fine Arts and is being urged by the American Institute of Architects, but it is a matter which must concern each individual and which will assuredly have the enthusiastic support of all.

In the plea for the passage of this bill, written by Mr. Glenn Brown, the secretary of the American Institute of Architects, it is stated that monuments have been authorized by Congress, comparatively recently, to Steuben, Pulaski and Kosciusko, while still under consideration are statues to Paul Jones, Maury, L'Enfant, Longfellow, Meigs, Barry, Sigel and Christopher Columbus, all for Washington. This is of course very interesting and hopeful. In no other direction does our government so frankly acknowledge or encourage the fine arts. But it leads inevitably to the question, why must all memorials take the form of por-trait statues? Is it the men we are commemorating or their deeds, and which will future generations remember? It is true that other forms sometimes lose their sig-nificance and association, but that they should do so is by no means obligatory. Portraits in relief are even more acceptable than in the round and can be exceedingly well placed. In Detroit and Buffalo fountains of interesting and unusual design have been made fitting memorials and in New York for similar purposes a Greek monument and a Roman arch have likewise been utilized. Let us have memorials and good ones, but let them be monuments to deeds rather than mere effigies of men.

By the will of the late George Lothrop Bradley the Library of Congress has come into the possession of an interesting and valuable collection of prints. A collection numbering over a thousand examples of the work of many of the world's most famous engravers and etchers. Especially is this collection rich in works of Rembrandt and



LOAFING IN LUXURY

The American City Harbors Many Habitual Idlers.

PEST OF THE COUNTRY TOWN

Is Outclassed by the Loafers in Large Centers.

KILLING TIME IN THE PARKS

Puts in His Time Standing on

the Street Corners.

Written for The Star.

A giant beehlve of herculean industriesa maelstrom of business-a center of cease less activity-an inferno of hubbub, burry, scurry-in these and various kindred phrases you have doubtless heard life in a big American city described. They sound fine, they stir your blood, they make you long to become an integral part of it all.

And yet, for all the nicely turned phrases time a jury on awards and a hanging com-mittee. The awards will be three in numgreat American city is, it remains as true as gospel that the city is the greatest loafing place on the footstool today.

The town loafer-why, the definite article disqualifies the town as being the place, par excellence, to loaf in. The loafer in the town has been taken up by the Hterary embalmers of characters because he is singular. The men who get paid for poking fun in print at other people have seized on the lone individual for the same reason, and hence you miss a familiar face whenever ou pick up a comic paper and nowhere mong the laughs and smiles behold the racker box enthroned town loafer.

Then take that other staple lilustration f the humorous sheets—the long, lanky boot-clad farmer, atop a bending fence rail and all too indolent to brush the flies away. The first time a certain city dweller drove out into the country he fully expected to meet up with the original of the fellow who had given him many a healthful chuckle. Since then he has driven many a day through farm country and never once beheld the original—if original there ever were. Another of his cherished expectations dashed rudely to the ground.

But he who would look for loafers in a city-a hustling, bustling American city-will not look in vain.

Parks Filled With Loafers.

This is John Smith Park. John Smith made a hundred millions by watering street the course of time he died and left no one behind him to keep up the organization, and out of gratefulness the park was named for him. This is his statue. From it radiate benches in all directions. They are arranged in circles. They are well shaded by trees. What do you see on the benches? People. What are they doing? Dozing. Why are they dozing in broad daylight, when there is so much work to be done that a greater number of immigrants than ever before are flocking to our shores and the cities especially? The anshores and the cities especially? The answer is easy—most of them are loafers.

A park full of loafers—men who came here in the early morning and will remain glued to the benches until the cops fan them away, at an hour when all honest souls should be abed. And John Smith Park, as you don't need to be told, is in the heart of a very busy section, where signs, "men wanted" and "boy wanted" are hanging out on many a building, and

hanging in vain. Can you tell of a single convenient breathing spot that is not infested with the like of these?

Aha! A strange thing is happening—one of the bench warmers is bestirring himself! The man of business who just now walked past dropped his "extra" and the bench warmer is picking it up. How indolently he scans the head lines—and how speedily his head is nodding again.

his head is nodding again.

You have beheld one of the luxuries of city loafing. The latest news can always be picked up and passed along the bench. And consider the luxurious loading quarters! Flower beds, multi-colored, dotting the greensward; a fountain playing for the en-tire park; twittering birds overhead; the fragrant smell of new mown grass, and a street plane at the corner more or less musically grinding out the very latest popular airs. And then there is the ever-changing

Perhaps you have already noticed the su-perior quality of the loafing being indulged in. The town loafer is forever spinning yarns—working his jaw, in the parlance of the newsy, whose voice is even now reaching your ears. But among these loafers there is the silence of complete Indolence— a silence emphasized by an occasional snore, or sullen shuffling of feet, or the rat-tling of a newspaper falling to the ground from sleep-loosed fingers.

How many loafers in the park? Some stx

panorama of street and sidewa k-the great

est of all shows known to man.

or seven hundred, probably, and it covers only a block. But don't think that all the oafers are foregathered here; we have just begun our trip of exploration.

Loafing Around Great Works.

By the way, here is a great hole being made for the foundation of a new office building. Why is the crowd fringing the plenty to do all about, but the men making up the crowd prefer to hang over the guard rail, and let carking care and toil shift for themselves.

This is one of the things that makes loaf-And yet, for all the nicely turned phrases and all the countless pages of print put forth to give some idea of how busy a great American city is it remains as true self and any acquaintance who chances All day long the rail will be sur rounded by idle watchers, some remaining for as long as an hour or two.

Ah, here's another of these excuses for

loafing-a fakir grandiloquently expatiating on the virtues of his bauble. Perhaps one in twenty of the several scores of men grouped about him has been drawn hither by mere curfosity alone, and when that feeling is satisfied will hasten away to make up for time lost. But the rest-well, linger here a little space. How slowly they drift away, looking for another excuse to kill time, or how brazenly they hang about waiting for the man to begin his song all

It would not be quite the proper thing to venture into such a place, but the next time this wicker door swings open take a hurrled peep inside. Every beer-smeared table filled with idling and nodding men, and just across the way is the office of a publishing firm that has been advertising all week for canvassers.

Here we are on the water front at last.

o not be surprised at what you see. Since man began the water front has been a notorious loafing spot. The first ocular proof of this statement is yonder sailor man sleeping peacefully against the lamp post. Are they not loafers, topping those barrels and sails? Squatted in front of that rum mill are a dozen husky longshoremen. This morning the boss stevedore at the wharf immediately opposite almost got on his knees and begged these very men to come to work, but they would not Any railway stock. Also he made countless boss stevedore will take oath that that thousands hang themselves on straps. In so long as the average longshoreman has the price of a drink of vile whisky in his pocket he will loaf—loaf, though the international commerce of the world rots on the wharves for want of his prowess.

The Ubiquitous Idler. "I worked hard for six months to get a

job, now I'm going to loaf." Do you know who said that? A New York city man who recently landed a political job. You don't need any one to tell you that many, many of a city's political menials loaf outrageously, but here is a little illustrative incident.

The tree to be cut down crowned the highest mound in the park. No other trees were about to shut off the view, and this was the little play the dwellers 'round about witnessed following the coming of exactly seven men to the knoll:

Two men hacked at the tree two or three times, then rested from their toil, while another ax-bearing couple tried inefand happiness would increase!

fectually to give the impression that they, also, were working. All the while the four men were attacking the tree two men were engaged in holding a cross-cut saw; the seventh, the boss was seated on the ground some distance away. It was a tree whose diameter was per

haps twelve inches, but it was felled only after a half hour's toll-beg your pardon

ALOAFIN'

for letting the last word slip off the end of my tongue. Anyway, the tree was at last laid low, and it became the evi-dent duty of the sawyers to come out of their somnolent attitude. This they did after a time, and the next five minutes was spent in discussing where the first sawing took place. First, the saw was placed across the trunk just below the lowest branches; eventually it rested about two feet from the base, and after the bark had been sawed through the men took a rest. Meanwhile, three of the choppers were seated on the tree, while the fourth was actually sufficiently concerned in the future to examine the edge of his tool. So the men sawed—and rested—and sawed—and rested—sawed a little and rested a lot. It was well along in the aft-ernoon before they had sawed the trunk up to the limbs. Then they retired, the choppers came up and after awhile the branches were chopped off. It was dusk when the sawyers finished with the upper part of the tree, and then, of course, was too late to remove the debris. N morning the seven men returned with an eighth, driving a horse and wagon, and with his help they managed to have the knoll cleaned before noon.

worked hard for six months to get the job, now I'm going to loaf." Does the shoe of the loafer fit these men? If it does, there are hundreds more like them on the municipal pay rolls. Of course, all the thousands of city employes are not loafers, but what is the proportion who are not, can you say?

The Lowest Loafer of All.

Here are the worst of all a city's loafers -the most contemptible-the corner loafers. They're all corner loafers in that group and they're killing time until the matinee crowds begin to surge up and down the street. Then they brazenly stare at the pretty and attractive girls, and when these latter have passed into the theaters the loafers will hang about until the streets are once more filled with beauty.

will undoubtedly agree that the man who, with folded hands, sleeps the day away on a park bench is much more of a man than he who hang about a street corner to ogle

at passing women.

Please to make a note of the fact that ne of this street inspection made around the noon hour, when it is meet and proper that the places of rest should be filled with workers gaining a well-earned breathing spell. On the other hand, is that man loading who goes out to lunch at noon and lingers over his cigar until 2 6'clock or later? Men who lunch so long seize the opportunity to talk business with their companions? Some do, but, as sure as daylight and carkness, many use this

as an excuse to loaf and stuff.

Let us follow this man, who has just stepped out of youder high-priced restau-rant, back to his office. When we passed this way a full two hours ago he was entering the restaurant. As the boy swung open the private office door did you not behold your man idly fingering an evening paper and with his feet carelessly deposited on the extension leaf of his desk? When he returns home conight it will probably be to say to his sympathetic helpmeet that

he had a very busy day of it, indeed. Loafers and Don't Know It.

It is very easy, apparently, for some men to make themselves really believe that they are working, while all the time they are gilded loafers.

Two men-call them Jones and Smithhave desks not four feet apart in a big publishing office. The other day Jones turned up a memorandum on his desk and leaned over to Smith.
"Oh, I say, Smith, what was it we de-

cided about this matter the other week?" Smith took the memorandum and scan-

"Ah, I have it now," he began. "Don't you recall that I--- and he started in to elucidate.

"To be sure—to be sure," exclaimed Jones, "but please write me a letter about it—I'm

deuced busy this morning."
In such fashion Jones and Smith, and a lot more men like them, string out what little work they do by entering into elaborate and often useless correspondence, and by other devices taken advantage of only by the chronic loafer or bluffer. A bluffer, as you'll doubteless agree, is a loafer, also, with a desire to possess the respect that

one honest worker always holds for an-Loafers? Surely, the city and not the town is the paradise of loafers. And if a city would only find a way to make every one of its thousands of idling, sturdy sons do his share of the day's work, with what Aladdin-lamplike swiftness its prosperity

first to last it is a vigorous and admirable plece of work. The color is strong, the modeling bold, and the characterization of the Mark Hopkins Institute, who will plece of work. The color is strong, the modeling bold, and the characterization excellent. The brush work is good and the likeness convincing. It is not aggressive in its virility, but forceful—not merely an imposing portrait, but a remarkable plece of painting. As good if not better there exists.

Quite a number of the local artists are represented in the American Water Color Society's thirty-ninth annual exhibition, drawn by Mr. Jules Guerin which is now in progress in the Fine Arts Galleries, New York. Mr. James Henry dam" was honored by reproduction in the catalogue, and among the drawings for illustration three pictures by Mr. George E. Senseney have been given prominence. Nearly six hundred exhibits are numbered

A trifle over \$12,000 was netted at the two nights' sale in New York this week of paintings, sculpture and art objects, contributed by the artists for the benefit of their colleagues in San Francisco. The American galleries were thronged upon both evenings and the bidding was sharp

personally distribute it among the suffer-

The frontispiece to the May Scribner's is the reproduction of a color etching-a landscape-by Mr. George E. Senseney, formerly of this city, and among the illustrations in the current number of the Century are pictures of the Mount Vernon garden LEILA MECHLIN.

Venezuelan Concessions.

Consul E. H. Plumacher forwards from Maracaibo English copies of a twenty-fiveyear contract made by the Venezuelan government with Jose Antonio Bueno, a citizen of that country, in regard to the asphalt mines in the federal district "Delta Amacuro." According to the contract the parties who hold the concession will be obliged to pay to the national government the sum of 4 bolivars (bolivar, 19.3 cents American) for each ton exported, besides the government taxes. The contractor is allowed the exemption of customs duties for only one time on all the machinery and implements need-

ed for exploiting and exporting the asphalt. Consul Plumacher also sends a copy of the contract made between the minister of fomento and Dr. M. M. Ponte of Caracas, which gives to Mr. Ponte and his party the sole right to explore and elaborate all fibrous plants like "La Cocuisa," "El Co-cuy" and the Sanseveria and others found upon government land for the next fifteen

years. Dr. Antonio P. Mora, a citizen of Maracalbo, has secured a fifteen-year franchise from the Venezuelan government for the manufacture of nutritious oils and oleomargarine. The free importation is allowed once only for machinery, materials and all articles needed for factories and offices. Free importation is also allowed of bags and boxes for the product. Dr.

I came to Edmonton from New York about four years ago. I had had some experience in our fur houses in Germany and England before I went to the United States.

I was told to go to Edmonton I rather obected, but I now like it, and expect to stay here and build up this trade. It seems to me that Edmonton is one of the best busi-ness places on the North American continent. We started in here as fur traders, but our wholesale and retall merchandising has so grown that it is eight or nine times as big as our business in furs. We are selling goods as fast as we can get them. We import them by the car load, and they go out as rapidly as they come in. We have sold the past few months, and have now on hand There are altogether about seven hundred retail stores in this immediate territory, and nearly all of them have sprung up in the last five years. The settlers who are coming in have plenty of money. They want the best goods, and are not backward in buy-

The Fur Trade.

During our conversation I asked Mr. Revillon to tell me how fur tradir

MACKENZIE RIVER. of the most important of the traders is slitive and suspicious and it takes skill to

handle him Money in Fur Trading.

"Do the Indians make much money in that way?"

FORT GOOD HOPE, A FUR TRADING STATION ON THE

the Hudson Bay Company, which has re-cently erected a department store here, and

its chief competitor is Revillon Freres, the

ments also in New York and London, and

who supply skins and furs to every market

Millions in Furs.

The Revillons are fit competitors of the

dred branch posts in active operation. They are buying furs all along the Mackenzie

river, up and down the shores of the Arc-

ent parts of Labrador; and they are, I am told, getting a fair share of the best skins

great wholesale and retail department store

Merchandising in the New Canada.

man, Mr. Revillon. He is only about twen-

ty-six years of age, but he has already built

up this business and has the sole charge of

it. It was while dining with him the other

night that we talked about the fur trade and

the wonderful growth going on here. Said

here, and are doing business with

"Yes, I have known braves who made two or three thousand dollars a year. The average Indian does well, however, if he Hudson Bay Company. They have been little, it is all the same. These Indians do engaged in wholesale and retail fur trading for 175 years, and they are now carrying on their business with a capital of 70,000,000 francs or about \$14,000,000. They have already established posts all over things. I know an Indian, for instance, for 175 years, and they are now carrying

who received \$1,900 for some furs. The first thing he did was to send to Quebec for the northwest, and they are gradually building up a line of stations throughout the lands which the Hudson Bay a plane, which cost him, all told, a thousand deliars before it was delivered. He did not know how to play it, and after a few days he tore it apart to see how it ing, are now found to produce winter few days he tore it apart to see how it ing, are now found to produce winter few days he tore it apart to see how it ing. monton, another at Prince Albert and a "When an Indian receives the value of his

for another dinner at night. At the same time he is able to go a long time without pening up of the wheat belt, established a The famine seasons are usually in

the summer, when game is scarce."
"Is much of the trading done on credit?"
"Yes. We have to advance outfits and settlers. They are, in fact, the Marshall Field Company of the northwest, and by far "Yes. We have to advance outfits and supplies. The Indian takes these off into largest wholesale dealers outside of the woods with him, and when he comes back he turns in his furs and pays up for what he has received and usually trades the balance for more goods. The most of the Indians are in debt the greater part of the The head of the fur establishment and the department store is a young Frenchtime and this is so also with the traders. We supply the goods and the traders send

in their furs and get more goods in return.' Any One Can Deal in Furs Now. "Has the day of monopolies in fur trading

in North America passed away?" "Yes, any one has the right to trade with the Indians, and any man or any company

can compete in this business if he is willing to spend the money and make the connections. I think we are getting our share of the good furs. We are paying more for skins according to their quality than the other traders do. Many of the Hudson Bay Company men do not seem to know that there is a great difference in skins and they pay the same for good and bad." Plenty of Furs Left.

"Are not the fur-bearing animals of North

America playing out?" "I think not," replied Mr. Revillon, "There is a vast extent of territory in these north lands, and the animals which inhabit it are not easy to trap or shoot. The Indians are careful in saving the animals. If they find them growing scarce in a certain district they will hunt elsewhere for a season or so and then come back. Indeed, the Indians are intelligent and careful about their own

million is in about the latitude of St. Pe

BARGAINING

WITH THE

A Metropolis of the North.

It is a question in the minds of many whether a great city may not grow up in the Peace river country. At present Edmonton would seem to be the best site for the trading center of the great northwest, but with the pushing of railroads to the north another center may grow up at the head of navigation, utilizing the vast Mac-kenzie system as a means of distribution. The Grand Trunk Pacific railroad, which

is now being built west from Edmonton will strike across the southern part of the Peace river country. It will not reach the best lands, which are farther north, although a branch road may be built through them to the head of navigation. This country is not far from the Rockies, and it is affected climatically by the winds from the Pacific, which are heated by the Black current of Japan. For this reason the Peace river climate is said to be far better than that of Maniteba. Edmonton has a much milder climate than Winnipeg. There is little snow here and no intense cold to

speak of. The same is true of Calgary and of most of this state of Alberta. A Great Ranching Region.

In addition to the farming possibilities of the Peace river region, it is said that parts nets three or four hundred. But much or stock. The natural grass grows from two of it will support vast numbers of live to five feet in height, and the cattle and not know how to keep money. They never to five feet in height, and the cattle and consider the future. They barter their furs horse ranchers who are now being crowded ter and they can feed out of doors all the year round. If this is so, the region will be of great value to the new Canada. The wheat, and the ranching business may be "When an Indian receives the value of his furs he always divides with his friends and family. He brings his connections together and they eat until they have consumed the most of his surplies. It is received and more than that number of sheep and the most of his surplies. and they eat until they have consumed the most of his supplies. It is wonderful how much an Indian can eat at such a time. stockraising proposition, and the time may come when the most and best cattle of this country will be raised there.

As for Alberta, it is now going into mixed farming, and its cattle eventually will be

> ranges. A large number of dairies have been established, and butter and cheese is now produced away out here in the north-west. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

kept on the farms instead of on great

Choice Hardy Perennials. Hardy perennials have the advantage over annuals and tender plants in that they do not require planting each year. When once established in the ground they live indefinitely; though the tops die to the ground the roots send forth new stems each year.

The flowers of some kinds are very attractive as single blossoms, and many others produce a profusion of blooms at one time, the mass giving a fine effect for a short while. By planting a dozen or so of different kinds it is possible to secure a continuance of blossoms, throughout the year. Among the earliest plants to flower is the moss pink (phlox sublata), growing very lo wand forming a dense mat, which is wholly covered in April and May with pink and white flowers. They last for several weeks, after which some of the plants may stop producing blooms for a short time, but they will blossom later in the season, although not so uniformly or at-

Peonies bloom soon after phlox. They last but a short time, but during that per-iod are most attractive. They are useful for cutting purposes. After they bloom the ground around them may be planted

on in this part of the world. He replied:

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"The Charlot," which is the product. Dr. Mora dark tie; standard of the average exhibition, and to bags and boxes for the product. Dr. Mora bloom is so continuous and showy that a striking effect is produced.

Albert, high cut waistcoat, and dark tie; by nine feet, and is rarely seen in its endicated in its bloom is so continuous and showy that a striking effect is produced.

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is also a mammoth woodcut, and technically a brilliant achievement. The liberality of this gift is only, it will be seen, a continuance of the generosity which earlier prompted its owner to place it at the discount of the series of the se posal of the public-it is a kind not rare among earnest collectors, but a type most worthy of emulation. In the current number of American

Homes and Gardens there is an unsigned article on "Decorative Painting for Americans," wherein it is stated that "allegorical painting does not appeal to the American people," and that "hence the mythological events, painting that seeks to tell a story, paintings that the unlearned can under-stand for what they represent," in other words, the much neglected "patriotic theme." This is very interesting, but the writer has apparently forgotten that the first duty of decorative painting is to deco-rate, and does not know that in spite of the nonchalance of the general public to the nonchalance of the general public to the allegorical theme an average of 2,555 persons a day visit the Library of Conpersons a day visit the Library of Congress to view its mural paintings. Perhaps it may be said that an equal number go to the Capitol, but it is almost certain that they are not drawn there by either the Brumidi frieze or the paintings in the rotunda, which are without doubt historical, patriotic and thoroughly intelligible.

and then come back. Indeed, the Indians are intelligent and careful about their own business."

What are the most expensive furs caught "I should say the silver foxes. The black ones are worth most, and a fine skin may ones are worth most, and a fine skin may ones are worth most. In talking with Mr. Scenario and the nasturtiams, portulaca, or verbears ago, giving it into the custody of the division of prints, and therein from time to time certain portions of it have been exhibited. The great tions of it have been exhibited. The great t Miss Mathilde Mueden has just finished an admirable pertrait of Mr. Jacob Rup-

painting. As good if not better than any-thing that Miss Mueden has yet done.

pictures which cover the walls of the Li- Moser has no less than nine pictures con-brary of Congress and of the appellate spicuously placed; Mr. Edward Lind Morse court house (N.Y.) are far beyond the is represented by his "Eagle Rocks, Shenis represented by his "Eagle Rocks, Shen-andoah Valley," which, it will be rememrealm of popular imagination and sppeal more particularly to the artist on technical grounds—matters of which the public knows nothing at all and cares very much less about." "What is needed," it continues, "is descriptive, pictorial painting—painting concerned with national and local events, painting that seeks to tell a story, dam" was honored by reproduction in the in the catalogue, and among the contribu-tors are artists of such distinction as E. A. Abbey, Winslow Homer, Leonard Ochtman, Childe Hassam, Eric Pape and Henry B. Snell.